LOOK OUT FOR AN EXCITING FREE GIFT INSIDE!

# TV COMIC

10p

No. 1426

Every Friday. 13th April, 1979

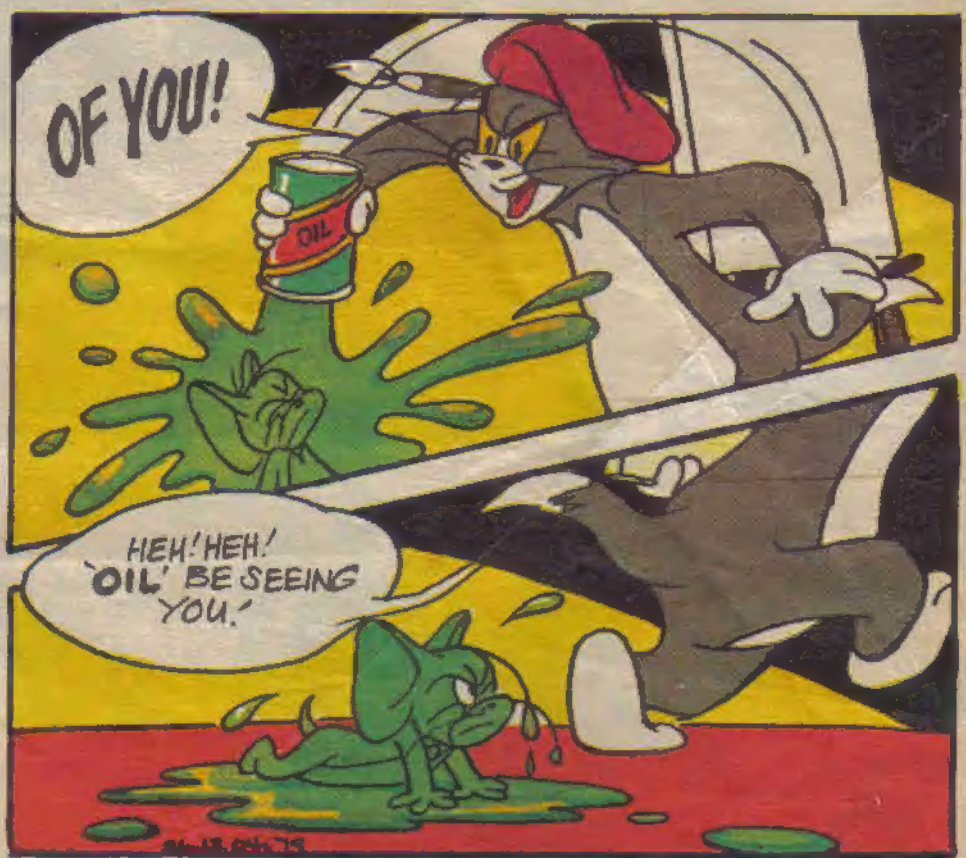
*Inside....*

## YOUR FREE BUZBY STICKER!

Comic Capers With–

**Pink Panther, Barney Bear & Basil Brush!**

## TOM and JERRY




continued on back page . . .

The Angels' investigations take a surprise turn!

# CHARLIE'S ANGELS

CASINO OWNER BIG MEL RETFORD IS MAULED TO DEATH WHEN A LEOPARD ESCAPES FROM THE REONATE ZOO. ANGELS KRIS AND KELLY, EMPLOYED UNDER COVER AT THE CASINO, DECIDED TO SECRETLY CHECK BIG MEL'S OFFICE.

KELLY, KEEP WATCH. I'LL SEARCH THE OFFICE NOW.

BE CAREFUL AND HURRY. AT THE MOMENT THE SECURITY GUARDS ARE SAFELY BUSY IN HERE.

WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO PRETTY LADY? I GET BAD VIBES. I WORRY WHEN I'M PRESSURED INTO TAKING ON FRESH STAFF.

I—AAGH!

TALK, PRETTY LADY! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME? DOLLIES WHO USE PICK-LOCKS AREN'T THICK ON THE GROUND.

YOU'RE HURTING ME...

IT COULD GET WORSE. WHO SENT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU AFTER? IT'D BE A PITY TO GET THOSE LOOKS SPOILED.

LOCKED! THAT'S NO SURPRISE. BEING PRACTICAL I BROUGHT A SKELETON KEY!

THAT'S A SPITEFUL THING TO SAY!

KRIS RELAXED SLIGHTLY THEN...

DON'T DO IT, MISTER GULLY! YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY WOULDN'T APPROVE.

PHEEEW!

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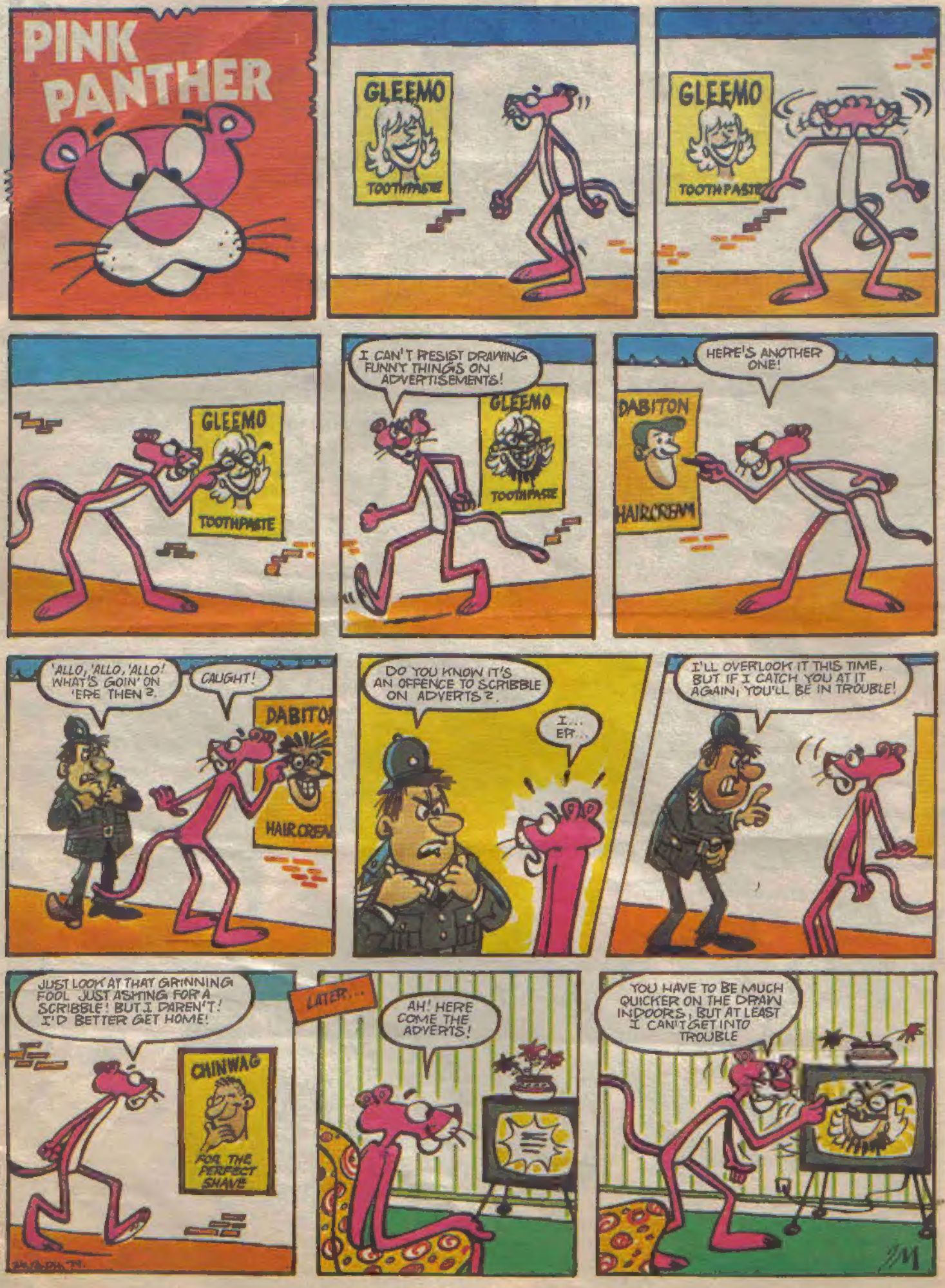
I WON'T FORGET THIS. I SUPPOSE IT WAS YOU WHO OPENED THE OFFICE THE OTHER NIGHT. NO MONEY WAS TAKEN.
WE'VE JUST LEARNED SOMETHING! SO WHO BROKE INTO THE DEAD MAN'S SAFE?
LATER...
SKREEEEEE!
VIC GULLY LEFT IN A HURRY.
CALLING BOSLEY AND 'BRI WE'RE FOLLOWING CASINO MANAGER VIC GULLY.
ASK THEM ABOUT LIFE AT THE ZOO. HAVE ANY MORE LEOPARDS ESCAPED?
AT THE REGNATE ZOO...
KEEPE
NO, OUR KILLER LEOPARD'S SAFELY IN BYEBYES.
I WISH I WERE! CAT-NAPS AREN'T GOOD FOR MY HEALTH.
I WONDER WHOM GULLY IS VISITING?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. I BET HE'S ANXIOUS TO REPORT TO SOMEONE ABOUT US.
DEE, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU. YOU COULD BE IN DANGER A LOT'S HAPPENING AND NONE OF IT'S GOOD.
ONE THING IS, VIC — YOU! PLEASE BE CAREFUL.
VERY COSY! VIC GULLY AND MEL RETFORD'S WIDOW.
CHARMING! MORE THAN JUST FRIENDS?
BIG MEL'S DEATH LEAVES MRS RETFORD A VERY RICH LADY. IF VIC GULLY'S HER BOY-FRIEND, MEL'S DEATH GIVES HIM MONEY IN THE BANK. WHAT IF THEY ARRANGED THE LEOPARD'S ESCAPE?

**Next week: The Leopard's on the loose again!**


PINK PANTHER
GLEEMO
TOOTHPASTE
GLEEMO
TOOTHPASTE
GLEEMO
TOOTHPASTE
I CAN'T RESIST DRAWING FUNNY THINGS ON ADVERTISEMENTS!
GLEEMO
TOOTHPASTE
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
DABITON
HAIRCREAM
'ALLO, 'ALLO, 'ALLO! WHAT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE THEN?
CAUGHT!
DABITON
HAIRCREAM
DO YOU KNOW IT'S AN OFFENCE TO SCRIBBLE ON ADVERTS?
I... ER...
I'LL OVERLOOK IT THIS TIME, BUT IF I CATCH YOU AT IT AGAIN, YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE!
JUST LOOK AT THAT GRINNING FOOL JUST ASKING FOR A SCRIBBLE! BUT I DAREN'T! I'D BETTER GET HOME!
CHINWAG
FOR THE PERFECT SHAVE
LATER...
AH! HERE COME THE ADVERTS!
YOU HAVE TO BE MUCH QUICKER ON THE DRAW INDOORS, BUT AT LEAST I CAN'T GET INTO TROUBLE
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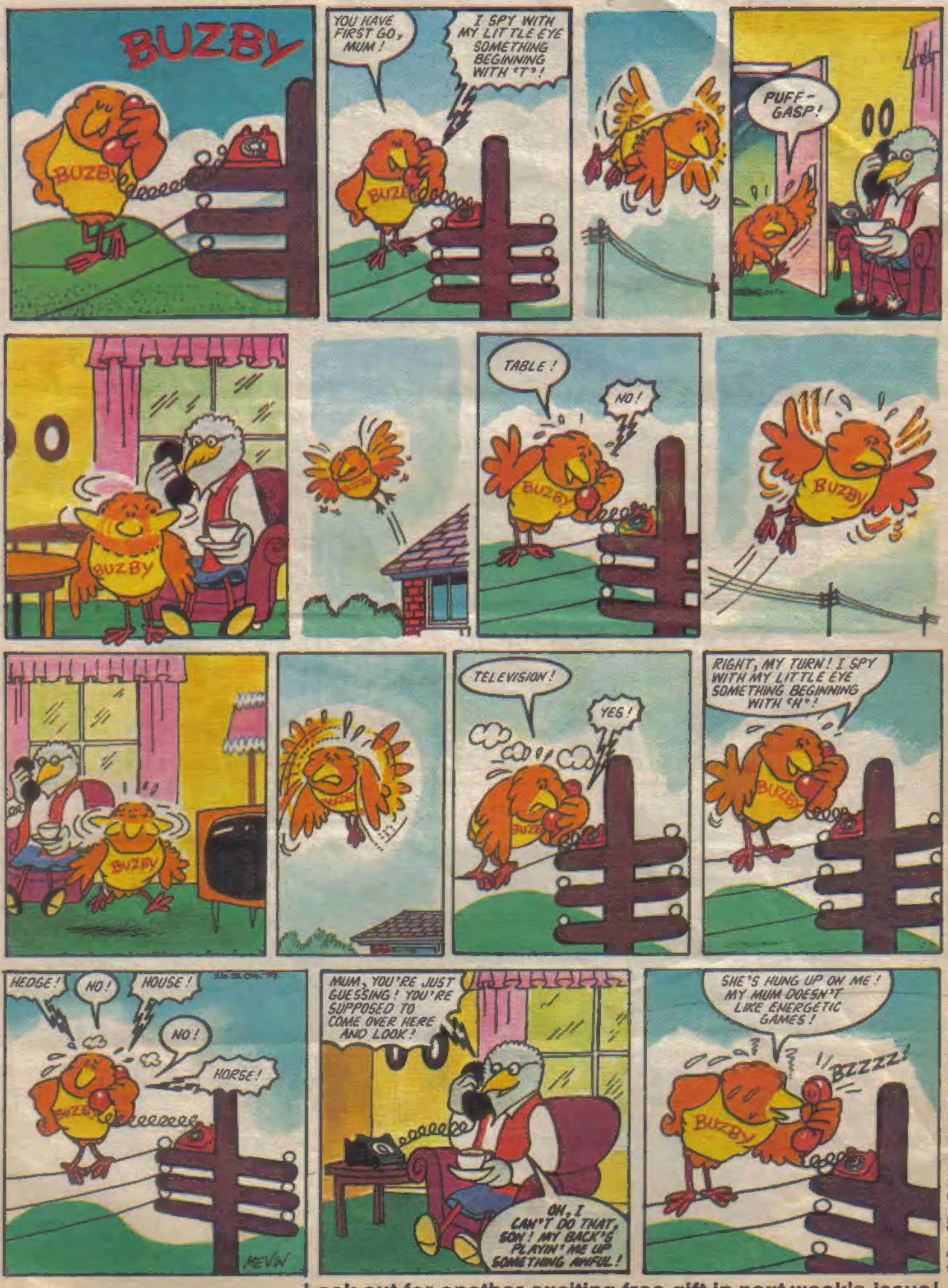
BUZBY
YOU HAVE FIRST GO, MUM!
I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH 'T'!
PUFF-GASP!
TABLE!
NO!
TELEVISION!
YES!
RIGHT, MY TURN! I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH 'H'!
HEDGE!
NO!
HOUSE!
NO!
HORSE!
MEVW
MUM, YOU'RE JUST GUESSING! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO COME OVER HERE AND LOOK!
OH, I CAN'T DO THAT, SON! MY BACK'S PLAYIN' ME UP SOMETHING AWFUL!
SHE'S HUNG UP ON ME! MY MUM DOESN'T LIKE ENERGETIC GAMES!
BZZZZ!

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**Look out for another exciting free gift in next week's issue!**

POPEYE
SPINACH
SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THAT'S MY TELEVISION SET YA HAS THERE, MATEY!
I GOTTA COURT ORDER TO REMOVE YOUR PROPERTY, SAILOR!
BUT WHY? I DON'T OWE NOBODY NOTHIN'!
OH YEAH? THEN HOW COME YOU OWE MOGINTY'S HAMBURGER STORE £35 IN I.O.U.'S?
THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY WHO COULDA DONE THIS!
IOU 1 DOZEN HAMBURGERS POPEYE
SAY, WIMPY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
WIMPY? YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIR. MY NAME IS POPEYE!
DON'T BE DAFT, YOU IS WIMPY!
MAY I INFORM YOU, SIR, THAT I HAVE CHANGED MY NAME TO POPEYE AND HERE IS THE CERTIFICATE.
MY GOSH, HE'S RIGHT! HE SIGNED THOSE CREDIT NOTES IN MY NAME!
I'LL FIX THAT TWO-TIMIN' FOOD FANATIC!
NEXT DAY...
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN I SHOW HIM!
TUM TE TUM
HI, WIMPY! I HAS NEWS FOR YA...
HEY, WIMPY! GREAT NEWS!
YOU'VE WON THIS BOX OF LARGE HAMBURGERS IN THE COMPETITION YOU ENTERED LAST WEEK!
OH, HAPPY DAY, INDEED! MY TUM REJOICES!
ER, 'S'CUSE ME. YA HAS THE WRONG PARTY!
TAP!
MY NAME IS WIMPY! HE'S POPEYE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR NAME IS WIMPY?
I CHANGED MY NAME THIS MORNING, ALL OFFICIAL LIKE! ARF! ARF!

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Barney Bear
IT'S MORE FUN IF YOU PRETEND!
I KNOW! BUT HOW WE PRETEND WE'RE PLAYING IN THE POT BLACK FINAL ON THIS SILLY LITTLE TABLE!
OH, ALL RIGHT... LET'S PRETEND WE'RE PLAYING IN THE CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY!
HE BEATS ONE MAN... TWO MEN... HE SHOOTS!
GOAL!
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR LAP OF HONOUR, BARNEY, BUT HOW CAN WE PRETEND WE'RE AT WEMBLEY WITHOUT A REAL FOOTBALL!
ALL RIGHT, THEN! THIS IS A REAL CRICKET BAT AND BALL. LET'S PRETEND WE'RE PLAYING IN THE WORLD CUP CRICKET FINAL AT LORDS!
... A GOOD LENGTH BALL... HE MOVES ONTO THE FRONT FOOT, AND...
... CRACKS IT FOR SIX!
CRASH!
I SAW THAT!
JUST PRETEND YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING TITLE, BARNEY!

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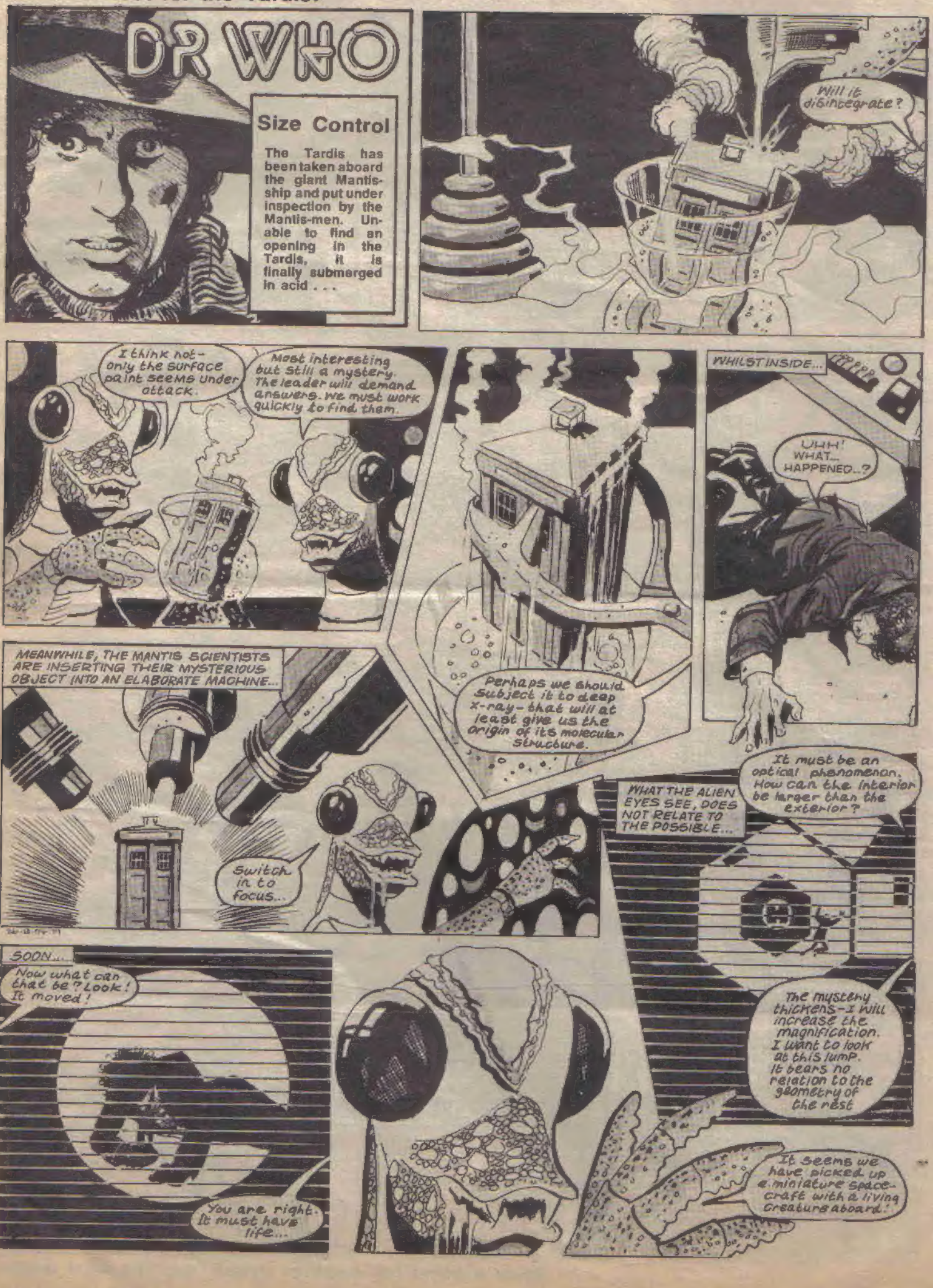
**Stick around for another great free gift next week!**

**The final test for the Tardis!**


DR WHO
Size Control
The Tardis has been taken aboard the giant Mantis-ship and put under inspection by the Mantis-men. Unable to find an opening in the Tardis, it is finally submerged in acid . . .
Will it disintegrate?
I think not - only the surface paint seems under attack.
Most interesting but still a mystery. The leader will demand answers. We must work quickly to find them.
WHILST INSIDE...
UHH! WHAT... HAPPENED..?
Perhaps we should subject it to deep x-ray - that will at least give us the origin of its molecular structure.
MEANWHILE, THE MANTIS SCIENTISTS ARE INSERTING THEIR MYSTERIOUS OBJECT INTO AN ELABORATE MACHINE...
Switch in to focus...
WHAT THE ALIEN EYES SEE, DOES NOT RELATE TO THE POSSIBLE...
It must be an optical phenomenon. How can the interior be larger than the exterior?
SOON...
Now what can that be? Look! It moved!
You are right. It must have life...
The mystery thickens - I will increase the magnification. I want to look at this lump. It bears no relation to the geometry of the rest
It seems we have picked up a miniature space-craft with a living creature aboard!

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UNAWARE THAT HE IS UNDER SUCH MICROSCOPIC SCRUTINY, THE DOCTOR CAN ONLY CONCENTRATE ON GATHERING HIS OWN SWIMMING FACULTIES...
THE LAST I REMEMBER... IS BEING THROWN UPSIDE DOWN. WHAT IN JUPITER DID THAT? UNLESS MY HOSTS DON'T ASSOCIATE THE TARDIS AS A SPACESHIP!
EVERYTHING LOOKS STABLE AT THE MOMENT! A PEEK OUTSIDE MIGHT PROVIDE ME WITH SOME INFORMATION!
HMPH! A FAT LOT THAT TELLS ME! SO IF I AM TO DISCOVER ANYTHING I HAVE TO VENTURE FORTH, BUT IS THAT SENSIBLE? THE EXTERIOR SENSORS TELL ME THE TARDIS HAS BEEN SUBJECTED TO ACID AND X-RAYS!
NOW WHAT SHOULD I GLEAN FROM THAT? UNLESS I'M A HALFWIT, I'D SAY THE TARDIS IS UNDERGOING TESTS - WHICH MEANS I'M BETTER OFF WHERE I AM FOR THE MOMENT.
A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE TARDIS HAS THE DOCTOR HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE...
SO I'M ON THE MOVE AGAIN. WHAT NOW, I WONDER? SURELY THIS ERRATIC MOVEMENT SHOULD TELL ME SOMETHING!
WHOOPS!
AND IN THE MANTIS LABORATORY...
What will prize the microbe from its shell?
A problem indeed - this sanctuary of his would appear to be an impregnable fortress.
THAT ROARING NOISE AGAIN. NOW WHAT IN CREATION CAN THAT BE?
Unless... the microbe is responsive to sound!
FIGHTING THE AGONY OF HIS EARS, THE DOCTOR STUMBLES TO THE EXIT...
THEN...
AAAGH!
YEEEAAAGH!

**Next week: Dr Who becomes a test object!**

MIGHTY MOTH
HALLO, DAD – WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW HAIR-DO ?
GULP! HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK!
LATER...
LOOK, DAD. I'VE MADE YOUR FAVOURITE...
KER-RASH!
HE DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO SNIFF HIS SAVOURY PANCAKES!
SO, AT THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM BUREAU...
IT'S MY HUSBAND – HE HASN'T TAKEN ANY NOTICE OF ME LATELY... I MIGHT JUST AS WELL NOT BE THERE!
MAYBE IF YOU TOOK AN INTEREST IN HIS HOBBIES HE WOULD TAKE MORE NOTICE OF YOU!
WHAT ARE HIS HOBBIES? STAMP COLLECTING? CHRYSANTHEMUM GROWING?
ER... MOTH SWATTING!
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, THOUGH! I'LL TRY YOUR ADVICE!
BACK HOME...
HALLO, DEAR...
LET ME HELP YOU!
TAKE THAT!
WHACK!
THAT SHOWED HIM, EH, DEAR?
HUH!
WH...WHAT HAVE I DONE?
FUME!
SO...
HE'S SO JEALOUS BECAUSE I'M A BETTER MOTH SWATTER THAN HE IS THAT HE WON'T SPEAK TO ME!
DON'T WORRY, READERS – DAD WILL HAVE GOT OVER IT BY NEXT WEEK!

# THE INCREDIBLE BULK

WE BEGIN WHERE WE ENDED LAST WEEK WITH SPOTTY HERBERT THE YOUTH WHO LOVED SHERBERT, STUCK IN A CAR THAT WON'T START AT LONDON AIRPORT, IN TH SOME VERY DEVIOUS MEMBERS FROM THE TRANSYLVANIAN EMBASSY

AYEE! IT'S INSPECTOR BOUGH OF THE SPECIAL BRANCH AND HIS ASSISTANT TWIG!

IF THAT H D BLABS WE ARE IN TROUBLE

I'LL SEE TO T THAT HE DOESN'T!

I HAVE FILLED HIS MOUTH WITH SWEETS! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK!

WHO IS THE SPOTTY FACE YOUTH WITH THE SWEET TOOTH?

HE IS OUR AMBASSADOR'S NEPHEW HE GOT LOST WHILE PLANE SPOTTING!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY, SONNY?

I FEEL SICK!

GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

IN TRUTH IT WAS JUST A RUSE BELIEVE IT OR NOT, OUR HERO ISN'T AS STUPID AS HE LOOKS..

I'M IN ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH MY MUM WITHOUT GETTING MIXED UP IN ANY FUNNY BUSINESS! I WONDER WHAT SORT OF SWEETS SHE GAVE ME?

AFTER HIM, TWIG!

THEN CAME THE CRUNCH

SURUC NCH! CORK'S THEY'RE SHERBERT!

AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO SPOTTY HERBERT WHEN HE EATS SHERBERT.

WOW! NOW I'M DER BULK AGAIN!

I'M GOING HOME! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

AARRGH! IT'S THE BULK!

WHERE'S THE BOY?

SORRY, BOSS! THE BULK HAS GOT HIM!

AND WHERE WAS THE BULK?

COR! I'M GOING THE WRONG WAY ALONG THE M4. AT THIS RATE I'LL BE LATE FOR MY SUPPER AS WELL AS MY TEA!

M4

SLOUGH ← THE WEST

AND HE STILL WASN'T HOME FOR THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS.

AND NOW IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE BULK HAS LEFT LONDON AIRPORT WITH THE NEPHEW OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR!

AT LEAST HE HASN'T GOT SPOTTY

BUT I'LL GET HIM WHEN HE COMES N'

BUT WHEREVER HE GOES SOMEONE IS SURE TO FIND HIM WITH THAT BLEEPER INSIDE HIM. MORE FUN NEXT WEEK

**Free in next week's TV Comic—a super Incredible Bulk sticker!**

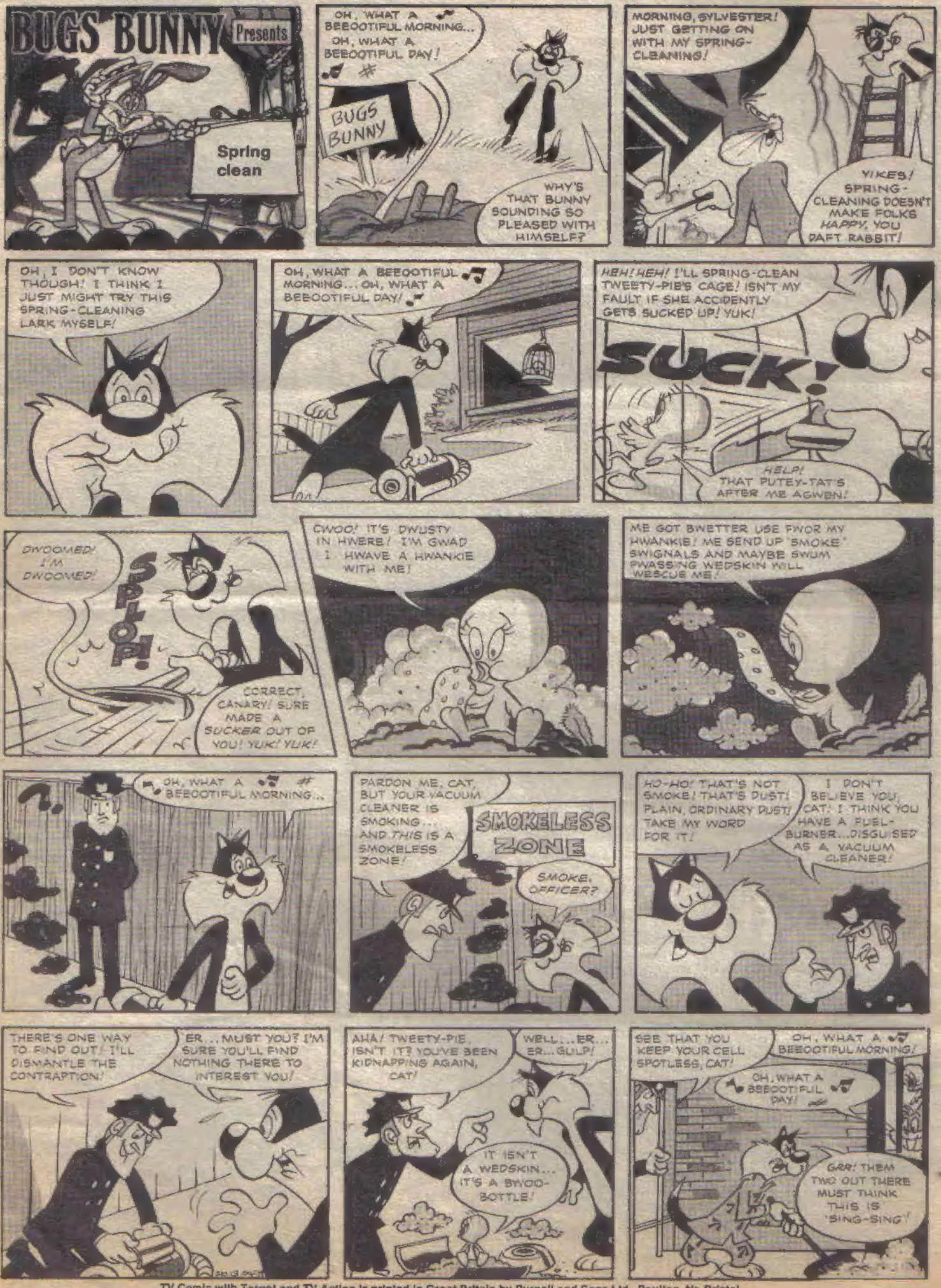
Crab-claw's target—The Nuclear Energy Research Commission!

# BUZZ BLAZE as... The KICKTAIL KID

ON HIS POWER-DRIVEN SKATEBOARD, BUZZ BLAZE - THE KICKTAIL KID - WAS FIGHTING A SINISTER CHINESE SCIENTIST CALLED CRAB CLAW, WHO HAD INVENTED A DEADLY FISSION BEAM CAPABLE OF REDUCING ANY LIVING CREATURE TO A HEAP OF BONES! NOW, IN THE SNAKE RIVER GORGE, WYOMING...
CRAB-CLAW'S SUBMERSIBLE HAS CRASH-DIVED OUT OF SIGHT! AIN'T NO WAY I CAN REACH IT FROM HERE!
BUT WHATEVER TARGET HE'S GOING TO HIT WITH THAT DEATH-RAY, IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF MILES AHEAD!
ON HALF-POWER, BUZZ FLEW ONWARDS UNTIL, SUDDENLY...
CEDAR BEND A LOCAL TOURIST RESORT. NOTHIN' MUCH IN A TOWN LIKE THIS, UNLESS...
A STRANGE, UNUSUAL SIGHT HAD CAUGHT THE KICKTAIL KID'S ATTENTION!
A RESTORED MISSISSIPPI RIVERBOAT! SURE IS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY... I WONDER WHY?
PUZZLED, BUZZ PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD UNTIL...
ANERCO CONVENTION
PASS-HOLDERS ONLY
SORRY, BUD, PASS-HOLDERS ONLY! THE STEAMER'S BEEN BOOKED FOR THE ANERCO CONVENTION!
ANERCO?
THAT'S THE AMERICAN NUCLEAR ENERGY RESEARCH COMMISSION! TOP SCIENTISTS FROM ALL OVER THE STATES MUST HAVE COME TO CEDAR BEND FOR THEIR ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER!
THOSE GUYS ARE CRAB-CLAW'S TARGET! THEY'VE GOT TO BE! ANY MINUTE NOW, THE HUNDRED BEST BRAINS IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE BLASTED OUT OF SIGHT!

MAKE WITH SOME FAST TALK, MISTER! WHERE'S THAT RIVERBOAT HEADING?
N-NOWHERE SPECIAL... JUST A TOUR OF THE LAKE! A QUICK FUN-TRIP!
A QUICK DEATH-TRIP, UNLESS YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, BUZZ-BABY!
HYDROFOIL LEGS LOWERED! SWITCHING SKATCAT POWER TO FULL BOOST... NOW!
THE PADDLE-STEAMER AIN'T TOO FAR AHEAD! I CAN BE ABOARD IN TWO, MAYBE THREE MINUTES!
VRRRMMMSSSH!
BUT SUDDENLY, A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...
SWURLL!
HEY, HANK! WHAT'S THAT?
DUNNO! LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF BLACK METAL PIPE!
FAZZZZZT!
BA-THOOMPA!
TWO WATER-SKIERS WIPED OUT! CRAB-CLAWS HERE AND WARMING UP HIS DEATH-RAY! BUZZ-BABY... YOU'RE TOO DOGGONE LATE!

**Will Buzz be too late? Find out next week!**


BUGS BUNNY Presents
Spring clean
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING... OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
BUGS BUNNY
WHY'S THAT BUNNY SOUNDING SO PLEASED WITH HIMSELF?
MORNING, SYLVESTER! JUST GETTING ON WITH MY SPRING-CLEANING!
YIKES! SPRING-CLEANING DOESN'T MAKE FOLKS HAPPY, YOU DAFT RABBIT!
OH, I DON'T KNOW THOUGH! I THINK I JUST MIGHT TRY THIS SPRING-CLEANING LARK MYSELF!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING... OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
HEH! HEH! I'LL SPRING-CLEAN TWEETY-PIE'S CAGE! ISN'T MY FAULT IF SHE ACCIDENTLY GETS SUCKED UP! YUK!
SUCK!
HELP! THAT PUTEY-TAT'S AFTER ME AGWEN!
DWOOMED! I'M DWOOMED!
SPLOP!
CORRECT, CANARY! SURE MADE A SUCKER OUT OF YOU! YUK! YUK!
CWOO! IT'S DWUSTY IN HWERE! I'M GWAD I HWAVE A HWANKIE WITH ME!
ME GOT BWETTER USE FWOR MY HWANKIE! ME SEND UP 'SMOKE' SWIGNALS AND MAYBE SWUM PWASSING WEDSKIN WILL WESCUE ME!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING...
PARDON ME, CAT, BUT YOUR VACUUM CLEANER IS SMOKING... AND THIS IS A SMOKELESS ZONE!
SMOKELESS ZONE
SMOKE, OFFICER?
HO-HO! THAT'S NOT SMOKE! THAT'S DUST! PLAIN, ORDINARY DUST! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, CAT! I THINK YOU HAVE A FUEL-BURNER...DISGUISED AS A VACUUM CLEANER!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I'LL DISMANTLE THE CONTRAPTION!
ER... MUST YOU? I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND NOTHING THERE TO INTEREST YOU!
AHA! TWEETY-PIE, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPING AGAIN, CAT!
WELL... ER... ER... GULP!
IT ISN'T A WEDSKIN... IT'S A BWOO-BOTTLE!
SEE THAT YOU KEEP YOUR CELL SPOTLESS, CAT!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
GRR! THEM TWO OUT THERE MUST THINK THIS IS 'SING-SING'!

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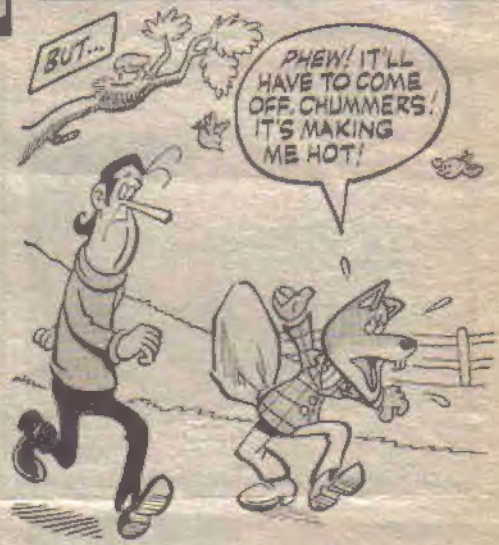
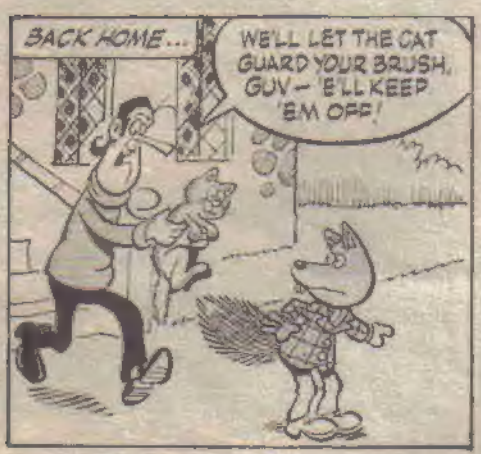
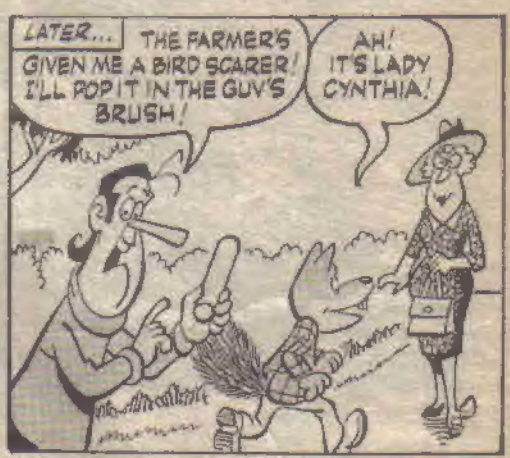
# BASIL BRUSH





WHY, IT'S BASIL! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE TEA WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON?
I'D LOVE TO, YOUR LADYSHIP! YOUR TEA PARTIES ALWAYS GO WITH A...

GRR! THAT WAS ALL YOUR DOING, CHUMMERS! NOW LADY CYNTHIA HAS WITHDRAWN HER INVITATION!
BUT AT LEAST YOUR BRUSH IS SAFE NOW, GUV! NO BIRD WOULD PUT THOSE BURNT-OUT HAIRS INTO ITS NEST! HA-HA!

**Don't miss next week's super free gift—order your copy now!**

COO! THAT REMINDS ME, TOM WILL YOU PAINT THE HOUSE FOR ME?
SURE MAID!
WHAT ARE YOU PAINTING NOW, TOM?
THE HOUSE, STUPID!
THERE, MAID. LIKE IT?
BAH! I MEANT PAINT THE WALLS, STUPID CAT!
SLOOT!
THAT REMINDS ME, CAT— I WANT MY KENNEL PAINTED!
BETTER GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME-I'LL GO AND GET A TIN OF PAINT!
HOPE HE LIKES RED, IT'S ALL I COULD FIND!
I THINK TOM'S GOT IT WRONG AGAIN— THIS OIL SHOULD STOP HIM!
SLIP
SPLOSH!
RED WITH PAINT (AND RAGE!)
GRRR!
PANT! PANT!
HEE! HEE! TOM MAY BE NO GOOD AT PAINTING— BUT HE SURE IS GOOD AT PANTING!

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